ALONG THE PIKE.

THE MONEY MAKERS

A TRADITION PUNCTURED BY AN EXPERIENCE AT A WINTER RESORT IN FLORIDA.

'Squareness among gamblers' and honor among thieves'-there's a brace of phrases that we often hear; but I don't believe that many of us ever see them actually exemplified," said a Florida merchant now on his annual buying mission in New York. "You've only got to read the daily papers to note bow frequently 'honor among thieves' myth is exp.oded. As for 'squareness among gamblers', I saw it punctured, for once anyhow, in a mighty singular sort of a way down in my country winter before last.

The story had its beginning and its end at one of the noted Florida winter resorts, a place that is greatly fancied by wealthy

"To that resort came, a year ago last whole game a-going acted as his own representative.

"I'll just permit my one-fifth to stay along with the bank-roll,' he said to the New York gambler, 'until the end of the season, when you can figure out the grand total of the net profits of the season and hand me mine. I'd rather do it that way than take what's coming to me in occasional bits or small lots. That satisfactory?"

"It was more than satisfactory to the New York rambler running the game.

"The young man's idea was to get his portion in one nice tidy sum, and then, with his recovered health, in the spring, to go to New York and start a legitimate business that he had in mind. So, during all of the season, he let his one-fifth accumulate in the gambler's hands, only drawing on the gambler to the tune of \$800 or \$1,000 for current expenses. October, and long before the opening of the Florida season, a young New Yorker whose medical man had chased him South for his health. He was a bright, clever young chap, and he became acquainted with most of the town officials, including the Mayor. They liked him because he was a good story teller and a finished sort of a fellow, and no buttinski. He was on pretty chummy terms with all of them be-fore he had been in the place a month.

"One day, when a batch of New York newspapers reached him, the young Man-battanite fell to thinking while reading some accounts of the raids which your Mr. Jerome was then making upon some of the noted gambling establishments of New

That afternoon he foregathered with some of his friends among the town officials, and submitted a few casual inquiries

"Was there any kind of a game going at the resort during the winter season? No. there wasn't any kind of a game, he was told. There had, in former years, been some propositions made as to the starting of a game while the season was on, but the propositions had been made by obviously cheap people who seemed to be looking for all the best of it, and so none of them had been let in.

Well, how about a game, then, conducted in a high class plant and by the topnotch people at that sort of thing? That was the second thing that the young fellow from New York, cautiously feeling his way

"Well, the people with whom he talked sort of met him half way from the outset. Fact was, they had been thinking for some time that a good institution of hazard, properly conducted on the quiet so as not to give offence to the conservative people who annually visited the resort, wouldn't be such a bad thing.

When he had got thus far he put himself next to the right people and led up to a straight, businesslike proposition. In general terms, the proposition was that he'd go up to New York and get the proper sort of square gambler to open up a high grade game at the resort by the time the winter season began. He'd guarantee that the games would all be on the level and that they'd be run just as much sub rosa as possible. He only wanted the straight word of the people he was talking with that the concession for the game would belong to him, and to nobody else.

"They gave him that word without any

town folks took the young New Yorker off into a corner

"Son,' he said to him, it wasn't my butt in, and I wasn't around the works, as I understood my job, to watch out for the interests of anybody except the people who engaged me. I got everything that was coming to them, right along, as you know But they made you the Patsy—I don't suppose you know that?

"The astonished young New Yorker desired to be put wise as to how the thing had been done. *Then he talked to them about their net profits ought to be about right as a payment for the concession. They thought so, too. Thus it was arranged, very

"The young man took train for New York as soon as he had things shaped up so comfortably. Two hours after he arrived in New York he was in private conference with a well known New York gambling house proprietor, a man whose establishment has gone on doing business here, so they tell me, when most of the other plants have been closed or subject to incessant raids. "The young New Yorker spread out his

goods before the gambler, who instantly 'Well, three-fifths of the profits will

be yours,' said the young man, arriving quickly at the point. 'The people I'm doing business with get their one-fifth, I having declared them in to that tune for the concession. Mine is one-fifth of the net, leaving you the three-fifths. That

all right?'

"'Couldn't be better,' was the gambler's reply. 'And it's a good thing all around. I'm dead glad to break into the place on those terms, and I congratulate you on your head work in getting the thing framed up the way you've got it.'

"So the thing was going right along on

up the way you've got it."

So the thing was going right along on greased skids, as you'll see.

The young New Yorker, as soon as he had made his deal with the gambler, returned to Florida and took a six months. lease of a fine old unoccupied mansion on the outskirts of the winter resort. Two weeks later the decorators and furniture people took possession of the mansion, having been sent down from New York by the gambler, and before the winter season had well begun the old mansion

was fitted up like a palace.

"The gambler arrived at the resort with his manager and a picked staff early in December, when the moneyed ones from

"He kept in touch with the people from whom he had acquired the gambling privilege, and at the end of the season, when the gambling club was about ready to close, they told him that their fifth had amounted to something like \$50,000, indicating that the not verifie had here.

to something like \$50,000, indicating that the net profits had been \$250,000. so that there was \$50,000, minus what he had drawn in advance, coming to him the day the club was scheduled to close, leaving the New York gambler the nice thing of \$150,000 for his, all of it rank velvet as good as presented to him by the young man who had dug him up and offered him this good thing.

thing.
"Four days before the gambling club

"Four days before the gambling club was booked to close the doors for the season something happened. Half a dozen strangers, all toggy men in evening clothes, appeared at the club in a bunch and began to bat the faro tables.

"They seemed to be swell players and they took \$100,000 out of the club in two nights' play. The next night they rapped the club for nearly \$100,000 more. The boxes were turned on them then. The club closed its doors two days before it was due to close.

"Well we got walloped, and good, said the New York gambler to the young man who had started him going in Florida, when the latter called for his settlement on the basis of \$50,000. "Those gentlemen

plungers swooped down on us and cleaned us out—all the profits gone in two nights and \$50,000 of the bank roll that I started in with

down here. I'm sorry, son. Just as sorry for you as I am for myself. Better luck

"The young New Yorker scratched his chin and felt badly over it. The possibility that he had been chiselled by a man whom he had always heard spoken of as one of

the squarest gamblers in New York never entered his head. The New York gambler dismissed his staff, closed up the club and

"Then the quiet New Orleans gambler who had been acting as lookout for the town folks took the young New Yorker

Well, said the New Orleans gambler.

"He was worse than that—he was a fool

hiked back to New York.

Sr. Louis, Aug. 27.—The Pike at the end of the summer has no more than made itself ready for the autumn business. Few of the showmen have more than balanced their outgo with income, and some of their accounts would figure out bankruptcy if closed up now. But the tardy crowds are

up North began to arrive in droves, and the game was on.

"The game was a big winner from the very outset By the beginning of the new year it was evident that the game was going to be the most profitable one in the South.

"The propole from whom the young Mannodesty at the Irish Theatre in Sheila Kelly, a shy colleen who dances as an ideal bog trotter should; but, alas for the illusion! she is billed as the champion dancer of all was going to be the most prontable one in the South.

"The people from whom the young Manhattanite had obtained the concession went about the getting of theirs in a thoroughly businesslike way. They put into the rehabilitated old mansion, as the representative of their interest, a quiet but watchful gambler from New Orleans. At midnight on Saturday, every two weeks, the New York gambler handed him an amount representing exactly one-fifth of the profits for the fortnight. So the town folks of the Florida resort had no trouble about their collections, and the rake down for them was something tidy.

"But the young man who had set the whole game a-going acted as his own representative.



mong professional artists in pedal culture And there are new embodiments of Turkish mmodesty at the Constantinople Theatre in the Fatima twins, bold sirens who dance with twists and squirms as all the couchescouchee creatures do. I mention these recruits because they represent the extreme of coy and assertive femininity here.

It may be pleasant to read that immodesty is confined to the Turks and East Indians. Women of no other nation are put forward deplorably. You have to go a mile in one direction to see American in the dance hall of an Arizona and even there the unconventional der close restraint; and you have a mile in another direction to see a mile and a half to the first foreign countries food unknown to us is foreign countries chop under that the chicken and rice in that the chicken and rice in that the chicken and rice in that the chi here deplorably. You have to go a mile away in one direction to see American women in the dance hall of an Arizona amp, and even there the unconventional | for four. is under close restraint; and you have to go a mile in another direction to see Filipino women in the Igorrote village, and there you find that the nudity about which the men.

There never was any thought by the fellows from the Philippines. Of course some prudish visitors were shocked, and they may have written letters of protest to President Roosevelt, as they did to President Francis, but no official attention was

The agitation of the subject in print was due to a press agent and parties interested were willing to help him. But the women commissioners wouldn't lend themselves to the advertising device of an in-

vestigation. "Would you mind going to an Igorrote dance and making a report?" was asked of Mrs. Manning, the chairwoman. "I can report without a visit," the level

had been done.

"Well,' said the New Orleans gambler, 'you know those gentlemen plungers who came down and put the game on the fritz, wiping out the profits in two nights' whanging at the bank? They were bum faro bank dealers dressed up in evening clothes. They were brought down here from New York by that New York gambler you started in business here, just to go through the motions of cleaning out the club's profits. The money was handed over to them just as if they had really nailed it in their bank play, but they passed it right back to their boss as soon as they got off into a quiet corner. That's how it was done. The profits were \$250,000, approximately, on the season, and you're minus your \$50,000 on a new kind of a shred gag, that's all.'

"All of which was exactly true. The New York gambler with the reputation for squareness was not only not square, but he was a most unconscionable hog in the bargain. headed lady replied. "To put trousers on those innocent legs would be wicked." It is a fact, however, that the Japanes ullers of finrikishas are not permitted by the official censor of the Pike to wear their

ordinary working clothes, which consist of a sash and breech clout. The jinrikisha ullers at the fair are as fully garbed as Bargain.

"He was worse than that—he was a fool. He confidently expected that he would get by with it, and he figured on returning to the Florida resort last winter and starting up the game again, with the young New Yorker left out.

"But he didn't. The man whom he fastened the can to the year before had the game all to himself in that resort last winter, with the New Orleans gambler for his manager, and he cleaned up just as big on the season as the New York gambler who had done him the year before. He's going to have the game again this year, too, if he lives, and so the bad deal that he received at the go-off won't be such a bad job for him in the long run—isn't now, for the matter of that, seeing that he is about \$200,000 strong right now.

"But the next square gambler that flits that young man's way will have to show him." the wheelchair pushers, and a Jap in a match race with an American twice around the half mile track in the Stadium won by dozen lengths of the contrasting vehicles. although he ran under the handleap of a passenger in his cart, while the chair was

But the chair pusher is a winner over the finrikishs puller in the competition for fair fares at the fair. He is in most cases a collegian earning money this summer for next winter's expenses, and as likely as not he is good looking enough to be a handsome figure in his neat uniform. It is arsman or a footballer; and then his muscuarity becomes sentimental, even though sordidly employed when it's to propel

He is a guide, too, and his duty, she is ready to believe, becomes a pleasure to of roysterers. Parties of college boy exhim, as it is to her, when he talks with his cursionists give their college yells. Parlips close to her ear. It is a disenchanting possibility, of course.

that his arms ache, his feet burn, his back twinges, and the uppermost wish of his heart is that his passenger weighed 100 HER TROUBLES ENDED WITH A RING.

woman who saw her gave her a seat, taking

her place among the standing crowd in the

The German woman-she was really little

nore than a girl-sat timidly on the edge

of her seat, still holding the handkerchie

to her eye. After a moment, in very broken English, she addressed the woman

in the next seat.

The woman nodded, and asked her where

she meant to go. The poor traveller tried

to tell, but exhausted her little stock of

English words without being able to make known her destination. Then, shifting

the baby in her arms, she pulled out a card with an address written on it, which she

open part of the cabin.

showed to the stranger.

As compared with him, the Jap man-motor is no better than a horse and might as well be a donkey hitched to one of the jaunting cars from the Irish village. These three diverse conveyances help to give cos mopolitan aspects to the Pike. up to. Alcoholic beverages are served in

Sometimes they provide comic sights such as a tired-out fat woman sleeping soundly in a wheel chair, like a monster infant in a perambulator, a hilarious old man, whooping it up in a finrikisha, like a rounder on a spree in a hansom; or a rustic

so much has been said is excessive only in the Streets of Cairo, has stood ever since

a similarly popular and profitable tune for the Pike to adopt. Hundreds of these efforts have been printed and exploited, but all in vain. Not one is heard at the fair. The couchee orchestras still blow and beat away on the old rhythm, but other musicians are ashamed to play any more the melody that it inspired.

The concessionaires might well have made up a big purse of gold and thrown in a handful of diamonds for the man who found the wanted air. It would have characterized the Pike here and advertised it throughout the length and breadth of the

In its absence the musicians get along as well as they can with ragtime. Their best success is when, well along toward midnight, they remind the throng that "there's a hot time in the old town to-night," and set the sore soles of the nevertheless exhilarated souls cakewalking.

Curfew rings throughout all the rest of the fair at early candlelight. Then the enormous palaces of industry and art shut their doors, although they permit electric bulbs to outline their exterior architecture. But if there is a curfew bell on the Pike the maid who says it shall not ring is clinging to its clapper every night, or else has pulled it out and thrown it away.

The Jefferson Guards are under no excise orders to close the restaurants. Slungshots were issued to them recently instead of pistols, because they wish to look like soldiers, and not carry visible clubs like common policemen. They have need often of more than bare hands and fists to easy for a girl to imagine that he is a mighty quiet disturbances, as they are not the physical stalwarts that police forces are

physical stalwarts that police forces are made of, and late at night the Pike takes on some of the manners of the Tenderloin.

But that convivial section of New York never had such an international congress of roysterers. Parties of college boy excursionists give their college yells. Partisans of winners in the day's sports at the sale of the sausage man, in reply to my question. "I'm from Coney Island, and if a nickel buys a frankfurter in New York it oughter in St. Louis. I ain't no shine," said the sausage man, in reply to my question. "I'm from Coney Island, and if a nickel buys a frankfurter in New York it oughter in St. Louis. I ain't no shine," said the sausage man, in reply to my question. "I'm from Coney Island, and if a nickel buys a frankfurter in New York it oughter in St. Louis. I sai't no hog," and raising his voice to the passing throng, he cried: "Here ye git 'employe only five."

That was a forthing a frankfurter in New York it oughter in St. Louis. I sai't no hog," and raising his voice to the passing throng, he cried: "Here ye git 'employe only five."

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foreigners in their native costumes, for more than 2,000 of them and half as many American Indians are turned loose after their day's service as exhibits is over. One thing strikes the visitor as odd. There are no bars on the Pike to stand

restaurants only and at tables.
"I don't mind sitting down to drink," said an overladen lurcher, "it's the getting up that bothers me."
Visitors wonder that in none of the Pike's Visitors wonder that in none of the Pike's foreign countries food unknown to us is on sale. China provides chop suey, to be sure, but the chicken and rice in that blend is not strange to us, although we may feel some uncertainty as to the other

restaurants, their viands and beverages offer very little novelty.

If you come to the fair don't do any eating on the Pike anyway, for if you do you will pay top-notch prices for generally low grade food. The writer has tried them all and in few did he get half his money's worth. He spent all sums between 35 cents for a sandwich and a pint of lager here to a for a meal in courses and a pint.

er, to \$4 for a meal in courses and a pint beer, to \$4 for a meal in courses and a pint of ordinary claret.

One fact was common to his experiments. The food was always dear and usually poor. The beer was all right in quality, but nowhere on sale at less than 10 cents a glass, and the bottles, of brews purchasable in groceries at half a dollar a dozen, sold here at a quarter of a dollar apiece. And you paid a dime for a sandwich made of slices of unbuttered bread and the thinnest shaving of cheese or ham that a sharp knife could cut.

In the more pretentious of the Pike eating houses the prices are as high as at Sherry's, Delmonico's or the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, but as a rule the food is ordinary in material, carelessly cooked

Astoria in New York, but as a rule the food is ordinary in material, carelessly cooked and served slap-dash.

A savage good-by was said to Pike restaurants when the writer ordered a small sirloin steak at a dollar and got a cut of rump that had been smoked in the broiling and left standing till cool before serving. At a hundred places on the fair grounds meals may be had at no more than a reasonable advance on normal prices, but if there is one on the Pike he doesn't know it.

There was a frankfurter man who sold

there is one on the Pike he doesn't know it.

There was a frankfurter man who sold his sausage at a nickel a link, embedded in a roll, with mustard or horseradish. He was asked why he didn't double his price.

This was outside the gates. Coffee was being sold at a stand next him at 10 cents a small cup, and the buyer had to drink it standing up. At his other side a beer booth had tables to sit down at, but the price was a dime a glass. The glasses were big, to be sure, but there were no small ones at a nickel.

"I ain't no shine," said the sausage man, "I ain't no shine," said the sausage man

the Stadium are noisy in exultation.

Roughs from St. Louis are less polite in the commotion. Well dressed slummers wander as they would in Gotham.

Mingled with these are all manner of

IN THE SHORT GRASS COUNTRY.

A NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY IN WESTERN KANSAS.

GOODLAND, Kan., Aug. 25 .- A new era s coming to the short grass country. The high plains that make up western Kansas and western Nebraska and reach far down into the Panhandle are experiencing a development that means much for

A facetious legislator named all this region. He was urging a bill that would benefit farming counties of eastern Kansas. "But the people out West who are not benefited will not like it," was suggested. "What does it matter what the shortgrass country thinks about it?" he replied.

The title stuck; and to every Westerner the buffalo grass area is the short grass

In the winter the sun shines more days than anywhere else in America except in Arizona, but the dull gray of the prairie is marked by desolation. Then come the storms before which the cattle huddle and die. Over in a ravine the other day we saw a heap of bones where 200 high bred Herefords perished in such a blizzard.

But it is one thing to watch over blizzard driven cattle or sheep in the blustery days of winter, and quite another to spend the summer in caring for the lazy herds and Popular impression has it that the chief

end of the ranchman's life is to race swiftly over the prairie, to ride through lonesome days and weary nights unco querable cow ponies and, in general, to lead a dashing, unrestrained existence. Such may be the fate of the dweller on far frontiers, but for the modern ranch east of the Rocky Mountains it is a life that is

Especially is ranch life in summer altogether another story. What with telephones, rural mail delivery, electric bells and ice houses, it is difficult to believe that the nearest neighbor may be five miles away and the nearest railway station thirty.

The short grass country is lifted 8,000 feet above the sea level. It catches the ozone of which the land agents boast so persistently. Its air is clear, translucent; s mirages are wonderful.

Riding along the divide one sees off on the next rise a tall forest. Blue lakes ripple beyond and pavilions stand in waiting attendance upon the shores. The motion of the water, the dashing of the surf, the dancing boats that ride the surface are clearly

As you come nearer you find the forest As you come nearer you find the forest a straggling, wind-bent grove of cotton-woods. The lake and the white surf are a yellow barley field; the pavilions are two decrepit sheds, long ago deserted. Riding into Goodland from the north the driver called attention to the fact that we were near the village, which sits on a plain as level as a floor.

"How far do you think it is?" he asked, casually.

One passenger was somewhat versed in Western distances and made a calculation by fences and wagon trails.

"About a mile and a half to the first house."

ghosts of hopes. One whole generation lived here and went away. Another is on the scene transforming the range into better things.

The cattle of to-day are far different from the Tayan

The cattle of to-day are far different from those that first came up from the Texas plains in the latter '60s. The ranchman spends the summer in preparing for winter. He no more depends on the buffalo grass

alone.

Here and there is a binder running in a field of barley. Alfalfa is cut on the creek bottoms, spelt and kaffir corn are sown in these bottomlands and stacks of hay, cut where blue stem has worked into low ground are heaped up in preparation for the time of

When a blizzard comes the cattle can be rounded up near some of these feed supplies and their lives saved. Never again will the range know the old time losses. The cattlemen have learned that that does not

pay.

Then there is the water supply question Then there is the water supply question.
One may reach water at a depth of twenty feet, or of 200, depending on whether you start from a low-lying surface or from the top of a hill. On one ranch are forty-five mills, and none of them has been able to lower the water in the pumps. Day and night they whirl, lifting steady streams to the surface for the hungry cattle or to irrigate some tenant's garden.

the surface for the hungry cattle or to irrigate some tenant's garden.

It is this water question that makes the modern struggle for the range. Cattlemen do not pretend to own all the land they use. Some is theirs by title; some is owned by Eastern investors who foreclosed mortgages and wonder why they cannot realize something from the property they have acquired.

Then there is the Government land, high plain most of it, on which a settler would starve. This is fenced in with the rest until an inspector comes along and com-

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pels the ranchman to remove the barbed wires. The proximity of deeded land gives a sort of permission to use the Government land, and the settler does it.

But the ranchman must get \$2.7. The cannot depend wholly on windmills. So here and there, every two miles or so, he gets a quarter section that runs down to the creek and provides a drinking hole for his herds.

The settlers push in so rapidly that he cannot control all the creeks, as he would like to do, without paying an enormous price for the settlers' land. Consequently he must watch chances to obtain that which remains inside his territory.

There were thousands of poor fellows who tried and failed years ago to make homes in the short grass country. The reminders of their struggle are scattered over the hills and through the cañons.

High on a divide, where it would seem that no crops could be expected to grow, are great squares of Russian thistles, showing where some one once broke the sod. In the shelter of a hill are the walls of a sod house, telling of a struggle for a home.

One year, or two, or three, the settler waited and hoped. Then one day, when the corn was shrivelled and the little garden wasted by the flerce south wind, he loaded his few belongings into a prairie schooner and set out for "God's country."

It was utterly wasted effort that those early settlers gave to the West—worse than wasted, for they spoiled good prairie in the doing of it. The recompense came to others in these later years when the new generation learned the lesson of the high plains, real resources, and cropes suitable to the conditions of climate and soil.

Then there are other evidences of faihure. Up in a cañon we came on a cabin, half dugout, where a former railroad continuous to the road on the conditions of climate and soil.

Then there are other evidences of faihure. Up in a cañon we came on a cabin, half dugout, where a former railroad continuous to breathed the clear air of the hilliops.

But he grew weaker, and one day, after he had been missed by the cowboys

cottonwoods that had once had claim.

The dwelling was neat and clean, and entering the living room we saw on the wall that evidence of modern progressivenes—a telephone. Thirty-two miles from a railroad, almost as far from a store, the family of the settler yet was in touch with the world.

What the future will bring to the high plains region is not easy to predict. Whether they will eventually be settled by a semi-farming population and be divided into farms, or will become the property of ranchmen operating on a large scale, de-

by a semi-farming population and be divided into farms, or will become the property of ranchmen operating on a large scale, depends upon the rainfall. Unless it increases greatly the former cannot come to pass.

With the growing demand for land in the West it is by no means certain that the latter is possible. There will doubtless be many good sized ranches, but the tendency is to group farming and grazing land and combine the area into medium sized ranch farms, all of which can be fenced, and which will be the property of the resident manager.

This is what the occupants expect. They do not look for another homesteading movement, such as once prevailed, nor for close settlements.

As one sees the comparatively small results of ten or a dozen years of struggle on the part of settlers, one wonders if it has paid. The sum total of the results is seen in a little herd of cattle, a sod house, some sheds and perhaps a barn of frame, and a bit of broken land which can be cropped. Could not the family have secured more of life in a city working for wages? Would not the children be better of?

Experienced Vesterners say they would not. They are healthy and happy, and that is a great deal. They do not seem to have much, but they have lived all this time, and what they do have is generally free of debt.

They might have worked hard in the

They might have worked hard in the

city and paid rent and have nothing—probably would not he tive lived so well as here. The children are clean, honest and know nothing of the evil side of life—and so are a great deal better off than they would be

People have to be decent here, and the habit sticks to thrim after they are raised on the plains. The new generation will leave the sod houses and the open plains with a fair start in strength of body and the open plains with a fair start in strength of body and

leave the sod hou ses and the open plains with a fair start in strength of body and character that will go far to help them in their life work.

The high plains give small employment to physicians. Pure water, fresh air, lots of it, an altitude of about 3,000 feet, wide reaches of grass and clear skies, sunshine and coone—it is enough to make any one healthy. The inspiration of a twenty mile horseback ride is something to be felt but not expressed. Little wonder that the cooks at the ranch houses bring in the meals in such heaping platters.

The dwellers of the Western prairies up near the breaking of the hills into the first marking of the mou ntains present a revelation in simplicity, g pod cheer, content and prosperity to one unfamiliar with the manifestations of that sort of Western development. They are working out their destiny under cond thous and by methods that promise a continued success and mean permanence in the control of their possessions.

MAGIC OF THE AUGUST MOON.

It is the magic of the August moon that transforms the suburbs into a sort of tropical paradise, which not even an October temperature can altogether belie. On those August afternoons when Man-

hattanese are bewildered by an unfamiliar sense of perfect physical adjustment to their atmospheric environment, when the town fairly glitters and sparkles as if it had been washed in the deep sea tides of its own harbor, when marble buildings ray an intolerable whiteness into the air, and far steeples up and down Fifth avenue swim in the pure serene along with stainless aspiring steam jets and banners that seem rimmed with the colors of the spectrum, The Bronx makes ready for its coming transformation beneath the moon. coming transformation beneath the moon.

Downtown, indeed, the moon appears to the inhabitants of New York as only a superior sort of electric light. But in the suburbs she reigns absolute, and all other lights pale before her.

The few stars swim mere pinpoints in her tides, and those naked are lights with which the wild highways of the suburbs are somewhat sparsely sown pale and

which the wild highways of the suburbs are somewhat sparsely sown pale and contract to winking spots of malignant brilliance. Even that great bald spot of the southwestern horizon, which is the false electric dawn of Manhattan, is utterly drowned out and obliterated in the overwhelming floods of the moon.

And to the suburban eye the moon itself seems a sort of magnificent celestial illumination to the universal insect concert. The two seem related in some mysterious

delicate harmonies of those multitudinous voices feels as if he had a seat in some vast amphitheatre whose galleries span the heavenly heights, whose pit occupies miles of green suburban earth, whose scenery is made of the moon is trees and the fringed and tropical shrubbery of a hundred suburban pleasant places.

Wonderful is the wizardry of the moon amid the living seen ery of that far spread

Wonderful is the wizardry of the moon amid the living seen ery of that far spread concert hall. Everg reens are mere shaggy masses of bristling i rosted needles. Elms and trees of lesser les wes receive the downpour of silvery light and dimple into alternate spots of glitter and shade.

But the tulip poplars are the truly splendid portion of the scenery. Their great ridged trunks are tappled with shifting spheres and hemispleeres and crescents of soft light that move fluttering up and down, now narrowing to mere slits, now dilating to broad patches of hoary splendor.

Meanwhile the great irregular leaves

broad patches of hoary solendor.

Meanwhile the great irregular leaves are dripping with dew and light. Edges are silvered to razor kneenness, broad, smooth upper surfaces are splotched with a prodigality of light and the young end leaves, just unfolding from the bud, are like bulbs of tenderest green sheading gemmy electric sparks.

sparks.

Nothing disturbs the widespread orchestra so magnificently highted and ploriously staged. All other sounds fall in with its com-

The drowsy crowing of suburban cocks from roosts far and near comes in at the dramatically proper moment. The hoot and rush of rail way trains somewhere beyond the horizon add just the base that the concert needs. Even the sensational shrilling and hissing and grinding of the trolley cars on suburban highways cannot introduce a dissonance.

All might long the moonlit harmonies play on, and suburbanities wake in the morning to hear the shrill resimant of the chorus and to find the common daylight a surprise.

BOSTON TIP FOR THE THIRSTY. BOSTON, Aug. 27 .- The gentleman with

the reddish nose and Philistine aspect, should not be offended if, on his arriving at coston, a booklet with a title page some thing like this should be handedto him:

The Rhetoric of Holiday Booze, for the use of Strangers in Boston, by Judge Lemons. The gift is kindly meant by the wine and spirit people.

It comes about in this way: On Sundays and certain holidays liquor may not be sold to thirsty folk in Boston unless the are guests of a hotel. The domiciliary process is similar to that of New York. The same elements enter-

s chair, a table, a sandwich and a stein But the order is a thing of wondrous exact ness. Failure to comprehend it has been the cause of cruel suffering to the bibulous On the last no-liquor holiday a New York man entered a hotel here, seated himself in a room where a hundred people were

drinking and eating and called for "a glass f beer and a sandwich." He had heard that this constituted a legal meal. The waiter looked at him sharply and

"You didn't ask for it right. Can't serve

The New Yorker surmised that his error was in asking for beer first and hastened to transpose the form ila.

"It's too late," replied the waiter. "You didn't ask for it right the first time, and you can't be served here. Emmons'd have our license quick. Understand that this is the particularest town in the country." The thirsty man argued, but only to be ordered to leave by the head waiter, who,

however, unbent enough to say: "When you go into a place in this burg on such a day ask for your sandwich first, or you'll go thirsty."

It is even so to-day. But Boston is altruistic as well as rhetorical. The thirsty stranger is commiserated—by some—and hence the informative booklet, "The Rhetoric of Holiday Booze."

Indians Carefully Guard Their Deeds. From the Kansas City Journal. care with which the Creek Indians their allotment certificates, patents

guard their allotment certificates, patents to lands and other papers of value has been the source of much amusement.

These papers are never carried in a coat pocket, as a white man would protect them, but are carefully wrapped in tissue and placed inside some large receptacle, generally a satchel, but often a gunny sack. Indians recently appeared together at the Indian agency in Muskogee to make arrangements for the sale of their lands by the Government. Each carried carefully strapped over a shoulder a large meal sack, apparently one-third full of something. However, when the wrappings were removed, only a single deed appeared in each of the bags.

This woman, with rare kindness, resolved to help the little immigrant; and detaining her after the boat had been docked until most of the passengers had gone ashore, she took up the bundle herself, beckoning to the German woman to follow her with the baby. A German woman stood in the doorway of a crowded ferryboat on the North River the other day. She had a baby on one arm; a heavy bundle lay on the floor at her feet, and with her free hand she held a handkerohief to a badly inflamed eye. A

the baby.

The sympathetic stranger called the policeman in front of the ferryhouse.

"Officer," she said, handing him the card, "this woman wants to go to this address."

"That address is wrong—there's no such number on the street; she'd better come to the station with me, and wait there till some one looks her up," replied the policeman.

man.

At the station she was placed in the matron's care, and the kind stranger fol-

The dear ones at home had seen her stand up with Hans, and they knew that all was right; and now that she had come to this New World to join her husband, who had now made money enough to have her new World to join her husband, who had now made money enough to buy her a ring, she had failed to find him!

But a few minutes had passed when a neatly dressed young German hurried into the station. In fair English he told the sergeant that he had gone to Hoboken to meet his wife and baby; he had missed them, but had been told at the dock that a woman answering his description of his wife had just taken the boat to New York. The officer at the ferry had directed the German to the station house.

Husband and wife were reunited and the good hearted woman who had befriended them slipped out unnoticed. When the young mother found that her friend had gone, she turned to her husband, and said:

matron's care, and the kind stranger to lowed.

The German girl was crying, utterly disconsolate. Her new friend took her hand, seeking to comfort her. She noticed that it was ringless, and her glance turned to the baby.

The young immigrant was quick to catch the significance of the glance and began to tell her story. The matron took the baby, and the mother's tears fell faster.

nation to the universal insect concert. The two seem related in some mysterious fashion, and the concert goes pulsing on through the night in regular cadence, with the sharp punctuation of the katydid, a shrill little flute of the cricket for persistent